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-: POINTED PARAGRAPHS.:+-

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A young man, having been to see the "girl of his choice" started home just in time to see the last car passing. As he stood woefully looking at it going up the street, the girl in question suggested, "Why dont you whistle to them,; they will wait for you?" "Whistle! answered the young man, " I should say not. I wouldn't put my fingers in my mouth to whistle tonight, if I never caught a car."

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A certain tea and coffee merchant, in order to introduce his goods, offered to give a fancy pot with every pound of tea or coffee. One day a lady came into the store and inquired; "I understand you are giving a pot with each pound of tea", The clerk replied that she was correctly informed. "And if I buy two pounds, do I get two pots?, she asked; "yes" was the answer; "and if I buy three pounds do I get three pots?" was the next inquirey; "yes" was the answer; "And if I buy four pounds do I get four pots?" she asked; Again she received the same reply. "And if I buy five pounds, do I get five pots?" she asked; She was told she would. She kept repeating the question, until she had reached twenty-five. By this time the clerk had begun to get suspicious, and answered that he would have to see the manager about that. Suiting the action to the word, he went and told the manager what she had said. On returning the lady asked what success he had; "Well, replied the clerk, "He said he would build you a shit-house".

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A young man, having entered the employ of a merchant, to act as clerk, was one day asked by a lady if they had a certain brand of breakfast food. He replied that they had not. After the lady had gone the merchant called him one side and said; "That will never do, to turn a custermer away like that. Of course you told the truth, for we have not got that kind, but we have several other kinds, and you must recommend what we have, and try and make a sale if possible". Shortly after another lady came in and asked for toilet-paper. The clerk, not forgetting the previous experience, replied; "I am very sorry, but we haven't any on hand just now, but we have got SAND PAPER and FLY PAPER, perhaps you could use that,for the same purpose."



One day, a man wearing the expression of one that was tired of life, entered a drug store and asked for a bottle of deadly poison. The druggist, being a little suspicious of his appearance and actions, asked him what he wanted of it. He replied that he wanted to kill a dog. The druggist told him that he could not sell him the drug without a doctors perscription. The man went away, seemingly disappointed, but soon returned with the perscription. The druggist still feeling that there was somrthing wrong gave him a bottle of castor oil enstead of the poison. As the man left the store he turned and said: "You think you are a darn smart geeser, but I got the best of you; I am the dog I am going to kill; In TEN MINUTES, I DIE!" The druggist answered him smiling, "In TEN minutes, you SHIT!"

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Speaking of dogs, the other day a lady having lost her pet dog, asked a street cleaner if he had seen "A small dog going up the street, with a tail about an inch, inch and a half, or two inches long about an hour, hour and a half, or two hours before."

"Naw! replied the street cleaner, "I dont know as I have seen a dog with a tail about an inch, inch and a half, two inches, about an hour, hour and a half, two hours ago; but I DID see a bitch going up the street with an ass about as big as a dollar, dollar and a half, two dollars, going at the rate of a mile, mile and a half, two miles, in a minute, minute and a half, or two minutes,; now skidoo, and dont be bothering me with your darn dog storries any more."

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"How would youndefine an icicle?" asked the head composer, the other day of the horse editor. "Why I hardly know how you would define it," replied the h. e. "but if I was to define it, I should say it was a running stream of water, with a hard-on".

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"Mamma, do cats ever get drunk?" asked little Johnnie, the other day. "Why no!" replied his mother, "What makes you ask such a question as that?" "Because ", said he, "I heard pappa tell the hired girl the other night, that her pussy was pretty tight".

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The story is told of Abraham Lincoln, one day going into a shoe store to buy a pair of shoes. It being warm weather, he did not have any stockings on. The clerk made the following remark; "I see Mr. Lincoln that you have a pair of socks that are better than the shoe shoes; they dont wear out". "I dont know about that", replied Mr. Lincoln, "my wife has a pair of drawers, made of the same material, and the first night I slept with her, I found a hole in the seat, and another in the crotch".

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At a certain medical college, the other day a young lady student was asked, by one of the professors, "If she had read" Hare on the Abdomen?" "No," she replied, "I am a brunet."

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Old Mother Hubbard, went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone;  
But while she was gone, a bitch came along,  
And the dog had a bone of his own.

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Mary had a little lamb that didn't care a particle,  
It put its nose neath Mary's clothes,  
And smelled her little article.  
Now Mary was a naughty girl, and didn't give a damn,  
So she gave him another smell, a  
And killed the little lamb.

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A girl the other night was sitting on a young man's lap, when she noticed something unusually hard beneath her. She asked him what it was and received the reply that it was his 'jack knife'. "Oh no," she replied, "that is not a jack knife, that is an elevator." "An elevator, he replied, "how do you make out that that is an elevator?" "Why", she said, "dont you see that it is coming up now, and when it is up, I am going down on it."

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"Quite a number of disasters around here last week" said the grocer the other night, as I stepped in for a few articles. "How's that?" I enquired, "I didn't hear of any". "Why" he replied, "One of my delinquent customers came in Saturday night and said he would pay me Monday night if he lived. HE'S DEAD! Another said, 'See you tomorrow, HE'S BLIND! Still another said, 'I hope to pay this week or go to Hell! HE'S GONE!"

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A while ago Mose Snowball applied to the Pullman Company for a position as porter on a sleeping car and was accepted. Before he was assigned a car, the Superintendant handed him a "Book of Rules", and said, "Now here is the book of Rules that govern everything that is required. No matter what happens, go entirely by this book, and there will be no cause for trouble or misunderstanding. You will find a clause in there that will touch any thing that may happen."

All went well for a time, but one evening as Mose was making a trip through the car he discovered the curtains of one of the berths were parted, and as he drew nearer, he discovered the naked posterior of a lady protruding through the opening. Mose was now in a study to know what to do. He argued that it would not be proper for him to awaken the sleeper, for fear of being dismissed for improper conduct; neither did he dare close the curtain for fear of awakening her. The "Book of Rules" was his only guide, so he began to consult that. He finally found what he considered suited the occasion, and going to the locker, returned with a red lantern, and hung it beneath the open curtain. The Conductor happened through about this time, and seeing the red light, called the porter and asked him what he meant by hanging a red light there. "Well Sah, "replied Mose, "there it is in the Book of Rules, in Article foahteen, Secshunn Twenty-foah, "when de rear end am exposed, and not in motion, done hang out a red light Sah"

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"Come to think of it, I dont see as there is much difference anyway," said the old maid. "Much difference in what?" asked her intimate friend. "Why," said the old maid, "Which one you marry, an old man or a young one. "I should think there would be" returned the friend. "Well, but there aint!" she replied, "Because the young man is doing it all night, and the old man is all night doing it, so I cant see where the difference comes in."



A Duthhman, addressing his dog, said: "You vas only a tog, but I vish I vas you. Ven you go mit der bed in, you shouts durn round tree times und lay town once. Ven I go mit ter bed in, I haf to loch der place out, und vind me der glock oop, und drow de cat oudt, undress me myself, und my vife vakes oop und scolds me; den de papy cries und I haf to valk him up und down, den maype ven I shust go to sleep, it's time to get oop again yet. Ven you get oop, you shust stredtch yourself und scradtch a couple of dimes, und you vas up. I haf to light der fire, put on der kittle, scrap mit my vife already, und maype got some breakfast. You play round all day, und haf blenty of fun. I haf to vork all tay, and haf plenty of droubles Ven you die, you's dead; ven I die I haf to go to ? ? ? yet already.

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Some time ago, a lady of Erin birth married a farmer and with her husband moved out on a farm in rather an isolated rural district. One day while her mother was visiting her, she asked the question, "Maggie, and do ye be afther injineing yerself away out here in the country on the farrum as will as yez did in the cithy?" "Ah shure, and I do that," answered Maggie, "Its a hape av injinement I do be afther havin' hare all by oursilves. Why only the ither noight afther we had gone to bid, the baby was a suckin' me, and John was a fuckin' me, and I was a schmokin'.

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"I am so earnest in this work that I hardly know how to express myself" shouted the orator, at a political meeting the other night. "Then why don't you go by freight?" called a voice from the rear of the audience, "Its cheaper and they give rebates to 'cheap screws like you".

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A man from the West side had been troubled with constipation for a long time and finally went to a well known doctor for relief. The doctor gave him some pills, with the result that he was kept very "busy" for several days. During this time, one day as he was down town he met a South side friend, when the following dialogue took place. "Well how goes it?" asked the South sider. "Oh financially I am all right" replied the other, "But physically, I am running behind!"

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ECHOES FROM THE PARLOR.

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One night while the "little brother was lying awake, listening to the usual sounds of the evening, his attention was suddenly arrested by the conversation which was going on in the parlor, where his big sister and his prospective brother-in-law were sitting. It ran about as follows:-

"Why, what do you mean, George? STOP this very minute, I say! No sir I wont! No Sir! Take your hand right away! My goodness, what do you mean! I'll let you know I am not that kind of a girl! Will you behave yourself? STOP, this very minute or I will scream. NO, I tell you! You shant feel it. STOP! Oh my goodness, you hurt me. Quit Quit, I tell you! What ARE you trying to do? They dont open on that side. Quit, I tell you. There, -- now see what you've done. Yes you did tear them. NO I Wont open my legs. My goodness, mother will come down in a minute. No Sir! I wont lay down on the sofa. Oh my! I never thought you would act so. (noise of them falling on the sofa Oh, for goodness sake quit! Oh, how rough you are. Well if I do open them - just a little - will you let me up? No I wont take the nasty thing in my hand. Stop, I'll squeeze till it hurts, see if I dont. My goodness George, what a big one you've got. O George, you never can get that big thing into me. No you wont go gently. You will only say so to fool me. Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! For goodness sake, dont hurt me. Oh please stop, just a minute. (more calmly) Y-e-s-that dont hurt so bad. Y-l-e-e-s, it does f-f-e-el goo-oo-d. Yes, you may do it as you like. Yes, yes, D-d-arling. I-I- 'I'll tell y-y-o-u-u w-w-h-en I'm r-r-e-a-d-y. Yes, so am I darling. Oh now! NOW! NOW!! Oh! OH! Ah! A--h! My goodness, how good! (quiet for a few minutes) Oh you N-A-S-T-Y thing!

Better read this over when you are cold.

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--:JIM DUMPS:--

Jim Dumps for months had no erection,  
And with his wife had no connection.  
She fed him "Force" to give him power,  
And now Jim jumps her every hour,  
And all the girls that are full of vim,  
Are seeking dates with sunny Jim.

Jim Dumps had many a woe,  
For constipation was his foe,  
He ate "Force" without worry or care,  
And now Jim dumps most anywhere,

There was a girl in spotless town,  
Who had a spot of great renown,  
She used this spot to make her dough,  
But she did not use Sapolio.

There was a man in this same town,  
Who used this spot of great renown,  
This spot he will not soon forget,  
For his Alphonso is leaking yet.

Here's to the girl in the sailor hat,  
Pink shirt waist and white cravat,  
Patent leather shoes and blue parasol,  
And a little brown spot that pays for them all.

Here's to the girl that dresses in blue,  
She swears to her sweetheart that she'll be true,  
But give her a kiss and a cock tail or two,  
And God only knows what that girl will do.

A policeman came to the door one day,

The mail man came and went away,  
Nine months there was hell to pay,  
Now who was to blame the blue or the gray



Here's to the girl that dresses in black.  
Always looks neat and never looks slack,  
When she kisses she kisses so sweet,  
That she makes things stand that have no feet.

Here's to the girl that bangs her hair,  
And keeps her pussy in good repair,  
Lays on her back and spreads wide her thighs,  
Ah, there lay there just my size,

Here's to the lass with the round fat ass,  
And fucks right up to the handle,  
To hell with the old maid that is always afraid,  
And fucks herself with a candle.

Here's to the girl in blue,  
Who dresses neat from head to shoe,  
She always looks wise and is never surprised,  
No matter what you do.

Here's to the man that loves his wife, 3/1/06  
And loves his wife alone,  
But there is many a man loving another mans wife,  
When he ought to be loving his own.

Here's to the man that rocks his babe,  
And rocks a babe that is his own,  
But there is many a man rocking another mans babe  
When he thinks he is rocking his own.

Hers to it, and at it, and at it, and to it,  
And to it, and at it again.  
For the man that gets to it, and then dont do it,  
May never get to it again.

Heres to the girl with hair on her navel,  
And the cheeks of her ass as round as a table  
The lips of her cunt, as red as a rose,  
And how many has fucked her, God only knows.

3/2/06



--:ONLY A BOY:--

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An incident in my boyish life passes before me tonight in all the tintings of a panarmic view, And as my thoughts run back over the checkered pathway of 40 years which has sprinkled my hair with gray, filled my life with thorns and orange blossoms, to a month that has left its imprints on my whole life.

I wish I possessed the power to reproduce the picture in all its colors and do justice to the work which at your request I undertake tonight. I regret that the favor you ask is one which compels me to write of myself.

To a modest man lacking that phrenological enlargement that as a rule in men and women predominate to such a lamentable degree, the position is embarrassing, and in the persusal of this I trust your eyes will rest as little as possible upon this unpleasant character.

I was born neath a warm sun and southern skies, where the air was filled with the blended odor of the Magnolias and the Jasmines perfume that heightened the sense, where every thing had its bed and blossom at its birth, where the dreamy languor of the salutory seems unheard in all wherever in these which here in the worth would be termed children. The sexual spark only waited for contact to flame up in its power; where girls were mothers at 13, and grandmothers at 30, but up to my eleventh year I had known only books, and sketchings, a sweet linen dressed boy, who lived out in the sun shine, and ignored the innocent deviltries of youth: who looked upon girls as horrid creatures, whose life was surrounded by a pony, books, pictures, and the flowers of the conservatory.

But changes for good or evil take place in every life. It came to mine, and on the sweet sighing day in my 12th. year, when cupid threw apart the silken curtains revealing beauties I had never dreamed of; my handlost its cunning, to books I said farewell, and ambition was dead. That was a day of fate. How bitterly have I cursed it since.

How I curse her who snatched me from my little heaven with its delightful anticipations, and chaperoned me through the hot house of passion: where every beautiful flower was filled with a subtle poison, which wrecked the nerves, sapped the life and deadened the brain.

My introduction to the pleasures and mysteries that have ever been associated with the couch of life, the keen relish of which has blasted the family hearth stone and overthrown umpires.

I was not entrusted to a timid simpering girl, taking her first steps toward the realizations of the forbidden pleasures, but to a woman, A woman of 30, who being an apt scholar under the teachings



and skillful manifestations of a husband for a term of years, had herself become a preceptor in all these delicate points that surround an amour with such delights. How plainly do I see her tonight. How much keener my appreciations of the wonderful piece of anatomy that time only still deeper imprints upon my memory: the standard from that day to this that all female perfections and loveliness have have been gauged. As she is before me again, and this time unveiled, look at her

Is she not beautiful?, From the pose of her head with its glinted golden hair falling in such wealth, see those amber eyes, those wonderful chisled lips, so red and moist, her fair cheeks tinted by their own reflections, her shoulders, how perfect and exquisitely moulded round with the same finish as her beautiful swelling globes so daintly pinked

and tipped. What belly, back and hips ever had the graceful curves as hers, and her rounded arms and swelling thighs and full dimpled knees. In your warm fond embrace of years ago I feel you again tonight

Was the mold broken with your complexion?, Yes gone only a memory now. The house on the sound, which I had been taken to for the summer months, was very small, only large enough for three, and the servants. It was delightfully situated in a perfect Eden, Where all was soft with air, perfumed and singing birds, and as I recall it now, just the spot for lovers and the enjoyment of stolen sweets.

One day a carriage rolled up the graveled walk, to the door and a beautiful woman was handed out and every thing tended to show we had an unexpected guest. As I stood there with my long black curly hair neath a broad palmette hat, dressed in white pantaloons and a green jacket with brass buttons, my face red with the reflections of the suns rays on the water, she stooped down and kissed me many times very tenderly: and as I remember now they produced a different sensation from any kisses I had ever had before. I liked them, but I do not know why I hung around all day and thought her so nice.

After she had visited all forenoon in the house, during which time I learned that she was the wife of a friend of my fathers, but who had gone to California for his health. (I'am willing to gamble 10 to 1 that he had consumption) Finally she took my hand and we went for a stroll about the place and up into the woods and along the beech, with its tangled grasses and wild flowers. What to me then was that snowy linen, those skirts as she pulled them up to step over some stick or bramble, She did not seem to care how high she raised them, revealing the daintest of feet and legs, of such matchless beauty, that even a cigar store Indian would loose his head at the sight of them.

How many thousands have longed to live over again the first part of their life time with the knowledge they had acquired in the last part. Could this happen to me, what a different color the picture of which I write would have, a shade where the hat line could not penetrate. We sat down on a log, after she had taken off my hat she



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placed my head in her lap and pulled me close to her panting bosom.

She placed her pretty lips on mine and held them there with her eye's closed until sometimes I stifled and almost lost my breath, then she would take them away while her eye's would sparkle and her cheeks would redden clear to her hair.

There was something about it that I liked, for I would ask her to do it again, each attack seemed to produce some new and delightful sensation I had not known before.

I had a pain and a great hard lump that hurt me, and in my innocence I told her about it, Let me see, she said kindly, and one of her hands stole down and unbuttoned my pants, and then what I had never seen more than two inches long and soft as baby flesh, was standing out stiff and five inches long and terrible swollen. I was frightened, but she took it in her hands and told me it was no matter, and it seemed to get better right away. She kissed and bit it gently then put it back again. I wanted her to hold it some more, but she said no, and made me promise on my life that I would never tell that she had made a willing slave of me in a few hours. Between tea and bed time while she was in conversation with the older ones, I hung about her knees, but I soon felt that I was not as much to her as I had been when out in the woods, and signifying my intentions to retire I was informed at the foot of the stairs that I was to sleep across the foot of the bed. I took off my cloths, then had my regular evening sponge off, put on my little short night shirt and carefully turned back the covers placed my pillow and crept in. I lay there thinking of my strange experience of the afternoon and of the delightful sensations that had been awakened and wished that day would soon come again so she would take walking.

Finally I fell asleep, I do not know how long I slept, but I dreamed that some one was tickling my ribs and I awoke to find that I had a bed fellow, and that it was a pretty pair of feet that were playing with me. I was awake in a moment and had them in my hands, how soft they were, gradually my hand stole further up her limbs, so round and smooth, but I do not know why I did so unless because they were so soft and felt so warm. The moon was shining bright and the room was as light as day, I turned over and saw her face with those great eyes looking at me, come up and I will take you in my arms, she whispered, and I was less than a second getting there. How she hugged and kissed me, and how nice her plump bare arms felt to my face and neck.

Then she carefully unfastened her chemise and I saw what I had never saw before in that way, two beautiful bosoms, how pretty they looked, so white and round in the soft moon light. She rubbed them panting and heaving over my face and lips, and then she whispered to me to bite them, as my lips fastened over the little hard tips her breath almost burned my face.



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almost burned my face, and I felt a new joy that I had not learned in the woods, and realized that I was swelling up again as I had done in the woods that afternoon, than one of her hands took it and she rubbed it up and down on the big part of her legs, and then to the softest and prettiest thing that I had ever felt in my life, where she left it.

What a play thing I had found: so soft juicy and curly and as my fingers found a delicate opening she jumped as if it hurt her. ~~Then~~ Then she opened her legs wide and whispered to me to get in there and lie on her which I did, I now felt my bare belly againse her's and her chemise up under her arms. Then she kissed and hugged me until I thought she would break me into, and whispered to me to do just as she told me to. She reached down and took the little fellow that was killing me with pain, and placed it where I had my fingers when I thought I hurt her. Now make it go in she whispered and raised her body clear from the bed with my weight on her.

When she settled back it was in there and she squeezed and bit me and seemed to be trying to rock me in a new kind of cradle. Then taking my hips she would push me off and pull me back, never letting the little fellow get out of the nest where she had placed him, While I felt a tickling sensation in my fingers and toes and up and down my back.

She would roll her head from side to side on the pillow saying, Oh, Oh, Oh. I whispered to her that I wanted to get up and peep, but she said no, and putting a towel under her hips she locked her legs over my back, and bending her back high from the bed she panted and held me for a second trying to reach my lips, but I was too short then, then I lost my senses and every thing got green and I felt that I was bleeding in and all over that pretty little plaything on which I had been laying for ten minutes. Her legs and arms loosened and I rolled off of her shaking like a leaf, she kissed me and said, I would feel better in a few minutes which I did. Then she went to the wash stand and did something and came back to bed. She took me in her arms and asked me if it wasn't awful nice, and with my head on her pretty bosom we fell asleep. The little heaven I had created during the afternoon, had been knocked into a cocked hat by the one she had created for me. I smile when I think of my innocence when I reflect what a public benefactor I was at my tender age. The next morning after a kiss and a look at the pretty bosom and white arms and legs, I received my instructions as how I should act and went down stairs kicking gently at having to sleep across the bed. She was a lady of refinement and culture, saw things to be done and done them with a will and by her winning ways was soon a welcome guest. Breakfast over I took her for a ride, and more than once I caught sight of her pretty legs peeping



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out from under her snowy drapery that had suddenly grown to have a significance to me. But I had a strange desire for one of my age to see more and I said Mrs B-----, you have such pretty legs, would you let me see them higher up? She said why certainly my little man, I would do any thing for you and she gathered up her dress skirts, mufflers and all, and held them clear up over her head, God what a sight, the tight fitting stockings, the blue garters above the knees and the white bare thighs then the skirts went down again but, the picture was left in my mind. In the afternoon we strolled into the woods, where she was silent for awhile, then said, my little man for you are a man. what we did last night is what those do when get married, my husband is sick and for months I have been almost dying for what your little body gave me last night, and drawing me to her she kissed me rapidly, I felt very proud of myself and asked her if I might do it again when she came to bed, with a smile she said she would see about it.

She knew the power the beautiful legs had wrought upon me, and on the way back revealed them at every opportunity. I asked her if I might put my hand on the beauty spot, and she said yes, but be quick and I was, she liked it as well as I did, and I put my hand up under her rattling skirts to the mossy charm, creating the same intense thrill that has characterized the same attempts in all my late years.

She charged me to be sure and eat a hearty supper and always eat plenty of eggs and meat and drink milk, Oh, how well I know now why she was so careful in looking after my diet. Meat, eggs and milk, Oh, yes, I think I have followed those instructions every day from then until now, 30 long years with their lights and shades.

After tea for the first time in my life, I experienced a high degree of restlessness and impatience.

What was it I wanted?, I got out my drawings they had grown stupid and dull, I turned to my books, but they were unsatisfying, and so I went to bed, but not to sleep. There she was, and only she in the bed with its tender memories of the night before. I grew even worse tossing and longing, the moments stretched into hours while I waited her coming. How my heart beat when at last I heard her on the stairs.

I feigned asleep as she entered, and bending over me she kissed me very tenderly with her hot lips and I was happy.

She now began to take down her beautiful hair, which fell below her hips, stepping out of her skirts she stood before me in her short chemise. How fascinating she was as she stooped to pick up this and that from the floor. I saw the white bare thighs that I had saw in the buggy, and that had held me so tightly the night before. Then she sat down and unlaced her shoes and drawing the stockings from her



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legs stood up again. I like you I whispered, and she said, you little rascal, have you been awake all this time watching me? I put my arms around her neck and whispered that I had been waiting so long, and I thought her so nice and pretty, I asked her if she would please take all off, and she shrugged her shoulders and the chemise slipped down to her feet. Then I saw her all at once from her full neck to her little pink toes, saw what I had longed to see, that little beauty with golden hair, which had almost killed me with joy the night before.

Now are you satisfied, she asked, and bent over until her bosom rested on my face, and as I put my hands on them, she put on her chemise then took it off again and came to bed. I knew what she wanted and what I wanted, the ice had been broken, I was an apt pupil and the secret fire of my youth had burst forth in all its fury. I bit her arms, belly and legs, bit and sucked her rosy nipples: kissed her from head to foot: tickled her little beauty with golden curls: put my head between her fat hot legs, which pressed it until I thought it would burst: sported from knees to lips in a wild delirium of new found ecstasy.

Her breath burning ~~my~~ cheeks as I rested my head on her heaving bobbies. She put a sudden stop to my gambles and sliding her hand down took my little friend, who had attained his majority and was no slouch for 12 years, I assure you.

She put me on my back and rubbed me gently with her lips, and then falling on her back she lifted me above her and opened her thighs then letting me down gently and taking the pet who was eager for his duty, gently parted the golden hair and after fitting him, locked both arms around me and raised her buttocks from the bed, I pressed gently down and she fell back with her cheeks glowing. The motion she had produced the night before, I now felt I could perform without assistance and as I did so she tried to kiss me and whispered that's right.

Her voice fluttered so, that I thought she was choking. I had found the secret of her pleasure and her's was mine. As I tickled her briskly and then gently I heard a suppressed fluttering moan, which I now know is the acme of bliss: but I grew tired and fell where I lay still linked together. The bliss still went on in a delicious throbbing than can never be told. Soon she gasped more, more, and I began again the gentle movement, she whispered to me, but I was getting deaf and blind with rapture, and then I told her it was coming, she drew her snowy legs together, threw her belly up against mine, loosened her arms, quivering from head to foot, gasped NOW, NOW, quickly and as the mist gathered in my eyes, I felt the hot stream go from me to her and all was over, you sweet boy, how happy you have made me, and then she went to the wash stand for a moment then returned to bed, and taking me



in her arms we fell asleep. Next morning after raising and peeping through the thin linen cover through which the sun was shining, lighting her velvet skin with a rosy tint, I ran my hand all over her beauties, patted the little flaxen haired darling crawled up under her bubbies and ruffled them awhile and then dressed and went to see my pony, who for two days seen less of me than ever before.

How long it seemed to me before she came down to breakfast. I could think of nothing but her and of the many beauties she had unveiled to my young eyes, and vivid senses. My only thought was to feel her kisses and to dally with the pretty charms concealed beneath her whitest skirts and pretty embroideries. But she came and I was happy

That day she complained of a headache, and we neither went boating or walking, but remained at the house all day, and when she came to bed she took me in her arms but did not kiss me much, and told me I must go to sleep and not think of that for she was feeling badly.

Her words cast a gloom over my young life, but I did as I was told and bore my grief in silence. On the following day she was well again and in her usual happy mood. After dinner the sun being behind the clouds and not too warm we went down to the boat for a ride. She talked to me as I rowed, and I kept my eyes on her and observing that once in a while my eyes glanced toward her little feet she seemed to know my intentions and what was in my thoughts and up went all that hid what I wanted to see, the sight sent the blood to my head, and as she put down the white skirts, she looked at me and smilingly said, my little sweetheart, if you will row to some nice little spot where no one goes and we can be alone, you can lie between the legs you think so pretty and love so much. I was a little tired of the cares but at her words I grew suddenly strong and being near a long strip of land that ran out into the sound, I pulled up to the point and we got out, and had walked but a few steps when we came to a nice grassy spot on which we sat down, after she had spread out a light shawl that I had observed on her pretty shoulders as we went down to the boat. With the exceptions of the twittering of the birds and the water washing up against the shore, all was quiet as death, even the great cedars and pines that mean so much in the summer air were still, while the absence of the sea breeze made the jasmines and honeysuckles made their odor almost stifling there under the dense foliage. Oh, little one isn't this nice, she said to me as she took off her hat and tossed it to one side, what a nice time we will have here all alone in the nice shade, and putting her arms around me she fell back on the shawl taking me with her, we were both on our backs looking up at the green foliage, she drew me close to her and asked me what I wanted, and as I put one of my hands on the bosom of



(Cont)

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her dress, she began to unhook it at the neck one by one until all were done, and I saw them peeping out over her chemise, so white and round, then she unclasped her corset, by this time I was up on my knees and unbuttoning her chemise. I turned the corners back and took the pretty things all undressed in my hands, then I bent over and kissed and bit them gently, and sucked them and it seemed to me then that I would of given my life to of had on of them in my mouth. I was feeling good all over and as she pulled me down to her, and began kissing me in such a new way, she seemed to cover my whole mouth with her lips and suck it in between them, I felt her hot tongue in my mouth and also down my throat while her breath came hot and fast, and her bubbles rose and fell. I turned and saw her skirts above her knees and with ~~one hand~~ one hand I reached down to pull them up higher so as to feast my eyes, I felt her hand working into my pants and tickling eggs that I thought would burst with pain, I had just got my hand on the little bird's nest that was such an infatuation for me (and still is) when she told me to jump up and take my pants off. As I arose to do her bidding and while unbuttoning my pants from my jacket what a delightful view I had of her charms, and those bare thighs. How intensely inviting do I remember them, the little soldier standing hard and proud, she put up one of her hands and took hold of it: Oh, how she squeezed and bit it all the time, murmuring little words of affection, then springing from her I put my head down between her white legs and kissed little goldie until she rolled and moaned and said she could stand it no longer. Do it now, do it now, she cried, and as she drew her thighs apart I crawled between and rested my weight on her belly, then I felt her warm fingers arranging things, when she had placed her little pet where she wanted him, I felt him in among the parted curls that seemed all wet, and gliding smoothly until it was all in. She was doing the same thing to me with her messy lips that she had with the others when she kissed me a few moments before, And I felt as though she would draw me to her very heart and body as she lay there murmuring, Oh, you sweet boy Oh, you sweet boy, do it to me nice she said as I drew it back gently and then plunged him in quickly.

I felt her body wreathing under me with some new motion of her buttocks that I had not felt before, which was highly electrifying to us both, soon she began to draw her legs up and straighten them out again, her hands squeezing her bubbles with her eyes closed.

A gentle moan escaped her half open lips, Now, Now, Quick, Quick she cried, as she opened her eyes and started suddenly, I felt that I was dying with delight, but I immediately began knocking more vigorously at her little gate way, and as she locked her legs over my back, and holding them so tight I could not move, I felt a tingling twitching



(Cont.)

(9)

sensation of delight and in a second her velvet lined lips were sipping the hot stream of my youthful passion.

Her arms fell lifeless to her side, her fat hot legs dropped from my back and the smile on her face spoke more than words. While I was putting on my pants she went away but, was soon back again then, kissing and hugging me a few times we came home.

The days came and went but there was no abaiting of my desires to see her charms. She did not always humor me in my desires knowing that for pleasure I must have time to secrete to be equal to her passions, but she was always kind and gentle and outside of the act never denying me in a wish in the looking at or feeling what I chose.

How often while standing has she allowed me to get under her skirts with my arms around her hips, let me bury my face up between her hot swelling thighs, until I was almost sufficated.

Two weeks had almost elapsed since the day she came, and still our relations were unsuspected. One morning she wished to go to the city to do some shopping, and return in the evening. On her promise to take good care of me I was allowed to accompany her.

On arriving we went to a hotel and were placed in a nice room. we ran about the stores until about noon, and then we went to our room and after removing our raps we went to dinner.

She ordered for me just what she said I ought to eat, And while I saw things I wanted, I did not let her know it but obeyed. After we had finished our dinner we went to our room and after closing the shutters, she began to take off her cloths, while my eyes were wide open with wonder. One thing then another was taken off, until she stood with nothing but her stockings and chemise on. She seemed to hesitate a second then taking these off throw herself upon the bed with her hands over her head. How sweet she looked, and as I stood looking

at her she said, Come little man, arent you going to take your off and come and lie with me?, I was going to be in heaven again, and I had mine off in half the time it had taken her, and was as naked as she was when I stepped up beside her, taking her play mate in her hands so soft and white, she tickled him awhile and saw him grow, and after nibbling me awhile on the belly she threw her arms around me and tossed me on the bed then straightening me out full length she drew me close to her hot skin and covered me with kisses. As soon as she loosened her embrace I had my mouth on one of the nipples of her snowy breast. (And as I remember now that act struck every every electrical wire in my body-- it does yet) One hand on the little nest between her thighs and as my fingers found their way in, she rather liked the two sensations, her cheeks grew redder each moment. She rubbed the little



(Cont)

(10)

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fellows who at his full size was throbbing at her side, then jumping up quickly she took the two pillows and throwing them together on the bed told me how to lie on them, when she had me bent over them to her idea, that which was longing to feel buried in her massy lips was standing up hard and proud. Then gathering over me in the right position I felt her place him between the hot lips and after a gentle motion on her part it was in. There now, isn't that nice, she asked with a smile, and then began to slide up and down on it.

Her bosom jumping with every move and seeming to send hot fires through my veins to my brain. I could feel that she was making me awful wet, but the sensation was hot and delightful, and as she kept at work I saw her grasp her bosom as though she would crush it.

Her motion became more rapid, she closed her eyes, flung out her arms and as she trembled all over, my delight reached its height, and as my love message took wing, she fell forward on me with all her weight. She lay panting and gasping for a moment and then, as she jumped I saw that my bell bore delicate crimson stains.

She saw it and blushed deeply, said it was no matter, then sparging me off I put on my shirt and lay with my face to the wall, as she had asked me to. Soon she came and took me in her arms and we went to sleep with my face resting on her bosom.

Awakening we dressed and returned home in the evening.

That night brought a change in her. when she came to bed she as usual let me get into her snowy arms, but the kisses I had learned to love were missing. She allowed me freedom with her bosom, but with any attempt to put my hand under her chemise she said no. No more, Oh, I did not know in them boyish days, that nature had ordered an armistice in favor of the little golden haired citadel, which had so often been stoned, stormed and entered.

The last rapture I ever knew lying between her hot swelling legs was on that day she took me with her to the City: And that night my young boyish heart felt its first ache and trouble.

Two days later she kissed me sweetly at the gate, saying, she would never forget me, and when the carriage was out of sight my heart felt like lumps of ice. My life followed her, I grew nervous, pale and restless, I could eat nothing and that bed was so big and lonesome, I could not sleep, only lie and toss, thinking of her, the strain at last was too much and sickness followed and I was battling with death, I finally grew strong and returned to school, Oh, in those few days she had enjected into my veins that sweet poison, which has remained ever since. Trusting that in the reading of this you will be rewarded with all the pleasurable emotions that you have anticipated, and that I have



(Cont.)

(11)

19  
written nothing to burst the front buttons from the pantaloons of my gentlemen readers, Or to bring the dear girls to the use of the long necked cologne bottle to quench the flame in their electric generators my task is finished.

(Finis.)

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D.C.M./3/1/06

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20

-:A TRIP TO HEAVEN:-

It was but a village maiden with red and rosy cheeks,  
Who went to church and sunday school and played accents sweet,  
It was but a reverend minister who looked upon her face,  
So full of time devotion and also full of grace.  
And when he sauntered home with her when the services were 'oer,  
And talked to her of Jesus and of the golden shore.  
Then up she spoke; ~~Oh!~~ "Father Dear!" said she,  
I'd give the world if I that golden shore could see.  
Then come over to my cottage the minister did say,  
Some evening at nine o'clock an hour or so to stay.  
I will dear reverend and happy I will be,  
To catch a glimpse of heaven and hold communion with thee.  
She reached the cottage just as the clock was striking nine,  
Ha, Ha, said he, I see you are on time.  
Pray step into my chamber where the light is burning low,  
And I will soon be with you and to heaven we will go.  
He quickly joined the maiden, and then to her he said,  
We'll soon be with the spirits of them that's long been dead.  
Before we make the journey we must ourselves prepair,  
And take our earthly garments off for they wear no clothing there.  
The maiden flushed a moment then cast her fears aside,  
Kind sire she said I know that you are noble, true, and justified.  
Whatever you say that will I do for you are fully true,  
Then the preacher took off his pants and other garments to.  
He stood as God had made him noble man and true.  
Take off your hat and jacket dear and sit upon the bed,  
She silently obeyed him and done just what he said.  
Then he with nimble fingers her waist band untied,  
Then took them one one and layed them aside.  
Now we are as God made us the preacher said to her,  
And we will surely reach the promised land if nothing does occur.  
He then took her and laid her upon the bed,  
And laying down beside her this is what she said.  
Oh, Father pray tell me what is this funny thing so trim.  
That is standing up so straight and slim.  
And what are those Withered things that are hanging down below?  
One quite large and the other failed to grow.  
That is the key to heaven and you passes the lock,  
Then he put his fingers in her tiny nest.  
And gently pressed the button and nature done the rest,  
She pressed him to her breast and cried t!s heaven I know it is.  
He felt her bosom throbbing and swell against his side,  
He laid her gently on the bed and spread her legs full wide.



To put the key into the lock full half an hour he tried,  
At last he was successful and then the maiden cried,  
Put your arms around my neck and leave the key inside.  
She wrapped her legs around his waist and how the thing did glide.  
She called aloud again and again 'tis heaven ; Oh: what a shock:  
And what joy, what bliss to keep the key within the lock.  
Several times they went to heaven before the night was o'er.  
And when the preacher went to sleep the maiden called for more.  
When morning came the preacher ~~awoke~~repenting and afraid;  
His conscience smote him sorely and unto the maiden he said,  
My poor girl, I have ruined you.  
My God what will I do?  
I've stolen your virginity and lost my honest name,  
My poor wife and family they to must bear the shame.  
You Damn old fool you're as thick as mud and pretty soon you'll see,  
That you have got the same dose that you son John gave to me.  
Now let this be a lesson, you poor old sinful fool,  
And don't think that all ~~are virgins~~ that go to Sunday School.  
And when your prick is in a sling pray to your wife to tell,  
How you took a trip to heaven and landed straight in HELL

M/2/26/06)



22

He rushed to the old ladies bed,  
And to the old lady the old man said,  
Turn over old lady and let her fly,  
I've got such a hard on I'm about to die.

-:/:-

### THE KENTUCKIAN.

-:-:-

There was a storm in the mountains and the night was bitter cold. The log cabin had one room and one bed. In the bed were an old man, his daughter, an old maid sister and his wife, the wife next the wall.

A half frozen stranger knocked at the door and begged to stay all night. He was told he could lie on the hearth stone by the fire to keep from freezing.

The wind rose higher and higher, and whistled through the cracks in the wall, and looking up the old man saw the stranger shaking and shivering in the cold, and said, "Well by jove, I cant see a man freeze to death before my eyes. Heee, get over in bed behind my old woman." Then drawing a horse-pistol half as long as his arm, from under his pillow, he said, "But if you so much as crook a finger you are a dead man". And as the stranger crawled over the old man repeated, "If you so much as crook a finger you are a dead man." Then he put the gunback under his pillow and was soon snoring.

The stranger pressed close to the wall, and just as he was dozing off, he felt a gentle nudge in the saide. He turned his head. "Taint loaded", whispered the old woman. -- Ah well! The stranger was a Kentuckian. In time he received another nudge, and another voice whispered, "Try me." - I may again remark the stranger was a Kentuckian. A third nudge in turn and a voice whispered "My turn". I believe I have remarked the stranger was a Kentuckian.

Again he crawled back to the wall, and was sinking into peaceful slumber, warm, calm, and at peace with the world. Again there was a nudge, and a whisper from the old woman. The stranger turned his head, and this time he whispered in tones somewhat choked with emotion -- "TAINT LOADED".

2/3/07.



-:WHO DOESN'T LIKE IT?:-

-----  
 77

Some ladies like it in the morning,  
 Some prefer it in the night,  
 Some love it Oh! So dearly,  
 And for it they would flight.

Some love to gently play with it,  
 And feel its silken hair,  
 And make it swell with passion,  
 And spit up in the air.

Some take it in their little hands,  
 And stroke its little head  
 Some take it in the cellar,  
 And some take it in the bed.

Some gently rub it up and down,  
 With soft and tender hands:  
 Dearly do they love it,  
 That they quickly make it stand.

Many have been sorely bitten,  
 By this naughty little thing,  
 Then to others given it,  
 That they too might feel its sting.

--- --

Forgive me gentle reader while I tell you  
 the subject of this poem  
 is nothing but

( A CAT )



-:IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE:-  
 .....  
 #

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
     Right between her two legs I could see,  
 A little brown spot with its hair in a knot,  
     And it certainly looked good to me.  
 I asked as I tickled her tit,  
     If she thought my big thing would fit,  
 And she said it would do, so we had a good screw,  
     In the shade of the old apple tree.

10/8/05 D.C.M.



--:GOING SOME:--

---.---.---.---.---.  
##

At a certain city school---the locality does not matter---  
The boys had been in the habit of useing the slang phrase  
of "Thats going some." The teacher being somewhat of a  
literary turn asked the small scholars to write compositions  
and gave one of the boys that subject to write from.  
When the compositions were turned in this one read as  
follows.

Away out West in a deep ravine

There sits an old fashioned sewing machine,  
One day this machine was running so fast,

That an old tom cat that happened to pass---  
Jumped over this machine---and 'twas giong so fast----

That it took sixteen stitches in thats cats ass---  
Now I guess that's a going some.

10/9/05 D.C.M.



THE STREET CLEANERS DREAM.

--:/--

You can see me wid me little cart upon the sthreet each day,  
Claniv' afther harses, for which I gets good pay.  
I loikes to clane and swape and dodge around the teems,  
But at noight whin I gits in bid, I have such terrible dhreams.

I see harshit on the cieling, and harshit on the flure,  
Harshit on the tet-a-teet and harshit on the dure;  
Harshit in the sugar bowl, harshit in the chair,  
Harshit in me whiskhers, an' harshit in me hair

The bestest frinde the clanners have is the little English sparry,  
Shure, he'd eat more harshit in wan day, than'd go in me wheelbarry;  
But in sphite av all the sparries eat, an' I clane wid me broom,  
In me dhreams there's loads of harshit piled all around me room.

There's harshit in the wather-pail, an' harshit in the sink,  
Harshit in ivery bite I eat, harshit in all me dhrink;  
Harshit on the pilly-shams, an' harshit on the bid,  
And at toimes I think there's nothing 'tall, but harshit in me head.

Me woife says its the night-mare that makes me act so bad,  
For I takes up all the cloze, an' screams an' yells loike mad;  
This marnin' jist 'bout half past t'ree I nearly lost me head,  
For I t'ought the night-mare had bee there, an' shit all ruond me head

I saw harshit on the dure-mat an' harshit in the hall,  
Harshit on the kitchin stove, an' harshit on the wall;  
Harshit on me poonkin-pie, an' on the windy pane,  
An' the doother told me woife, that I had harshit on me brain.

An' now they're makin' stheam-wagins that niver shit, Begob!  
An' bimby whin theys plinty, I suppose I loose me job;  
But all things happin for the bist, an' perhaps twill save me loife,  
Far I'm crazy wid the harshit, an' it's nearly killed me woife.

8/26/06.



IN THE BLACK BERRY PATCH:-

#1

Were I your lips I would speak in tones  
That would make conjunctions take place in your stones.  
I was with Joe Warner in the black berry patch.  
When he offered me a quarter to look at my snatch,  
Said I, now your quarter I don't mean to steel it.  
But here is my snatch, just walk up and feel it.

He stepped up to me and put his arms around my neck,  
And we both drew our breath, in very quick haste,  
I sank on my knees in the pretty green grass,  
And I soon felt his fingers tickling my ass,  
I jumped back an inch and bless my soul,  
His fingers were in a most ticklish hole,  
I pitted his fingers, for I knew they would smell,  
And thought he would wished he had stuck them in hell.

When his fingers got slippery he took them away,  
And begun with his bobble whacker to play,  
He layed me down on the flat of my back,  
And swore that he wanted to open my crack,  
His prick was as long as a big ear of corn,  
The largest I've seen since the day I was born,  
But my snatch felt as if it could swallow a dog,  
Or chew a man's roller as big as a log.

My cloths flew up and my feet flew up too,  
And the head of his dodger looked awfully blue,  
And when it came in contact with the lips of my snatch,  
He wiggled his ass and began for the scratch,  
But presently he found he was in the wrong box,  
For his prick had a head like the heart of an ox.  
To shove it further he found it would tear,  
And I could not tell him I did not care.



78

#2

But when he had stiffened and bowed up his back  
Until all of his dodger was out of my crack,  
And when he attempted to make the next pass,  
The oyster soup ran down the crack of my ass,  
Then his courage revived and he made at me again,  
And though he had hurt me I did not complain,  
For I was determined though blood he had spilt,  
That it should go in clear up to the hilt.

And it did go in clear up to its roots,  
And I wished his bolix had gone to his boots  
For never since the day of my birth,  
Did I suppose such a feeling existed on earth,  
And my legs flew up with my heels to my ass,  
And at the same time tore up a handfull of grass,  
While his tool was playing with a nine inch sweep  
Backward and forward as fast as a sheep.

But presently he found he was pouring out his sole,  
For it felt like a tide in my belly to roll,  
But out came his dodger all limber and greasy,  
Then his bolix swung around like the weight of a clock,  
Much lower I think than the head of his cock,  
And he prepaired to take a short rest,  
And though the next fuck would be far the best.

Thinking his prick would rear from the dead,  
I took my fingers and tickled its head,  
Signs of life appeared and then growing began,  
Then I looked forward to its former size again,  
And I wished it had reached clear up to my eyes,  
This time it went in with the greatest ease,  
For the first shot did my machine grease.



79

Then heaven what a feeling did all througe me flit, +3  
So gloriously good that I thought I would shit,  
But how could I shit while there on the ground,  
My snatch was so stretched no ass hole could be found,  
Such good times don't come every day,  
If ever you pass and chance to read this,  
I think it would surely cause you to piss,  
Just call and I will insure you the richest of skin,  
Then come along Johnny and stick your prick in.

M.2/26/06



30

THEY ALL DO IT!

-:-:-:-

Fight against it all you can, though sad the thought, - ALL DO IT.

Yes - the pheasants and the fen do it;  
The robbins and the wrens do it;  
The roosters and the hens do it;  
The wild Comanche braves do it,  
The Esquamaux in caves do it.  
And kings and queens are slaves to it.  
Temptation all will bring to it,  
Parsons doff their pantaloons to it;  
Goats in fall and spring do it;  
And boars bend their necks and swoon to it;  
Moths and mites in cheese do it;  
And butterflies and bees do it;  
And frogs settle down and freeze to it;  
Cold earth worms come up in swarms to it;  
And underneath the trees do it;  
Well-- I'm but a lonely woman,  
With every pulse and feeling human,  
But I'm not the folks called "common".  
And I'll never do it!  
The deed is rash, and I would rue it,  
I'd scorn the act, and well you know it,  
But -- Well -- I'll lay still, and let YOU do it.

-:-:-:-

2/5/07.



-: WONT YOU FONDLE ME?:\_

11

Put your arms around me darling,

Kiss my cheeks until I blush,

Tickel me until I tremble,

If I murmur make me hush,

Keep your arms around me darling,

Put you hand within my breast,

Take me to your bedroom darling.

Give to me what I love best,

Give it to me lovely darling.

You can please me if you try,

Keep it up a little longer,

Do it good and let me die,

Drive it up into my belly,

Fuck me till I faint away,

Try and tare my cunt wide open,

Break it off and let it stay.

10/10/05 D.C.M.



## A PIPE DREAM.

-:o:-

A tramp once by a window passed,  
And heard a maidens voice,  
Speak to a man, and things she said,  
To him seemed rather choice.

"Dont push so hard", she said to him,  
"Dont jab around that way  
"You get them right together, then  
Push easy when I say."

"There! its out again - it slips  
"They do not fit just right;  
"If the thing goes in straight, you see,  
"Twill fit quite snug and tight."

"But the end seems a bit too big."  
"Perhaps the hole's too small."  
"But if you twist and pull that way,  
It wont go in at all."

"Now let ME fix it right this time,  
"And when I say 'NOW' you press."  
"There, easy now, or 'twill slip out  
And make an awful mess."

The tramp could stand it no longer,  
So to peep in he strove,  
And saw the maiden and the man,  
Fitting a pipe to the stove.

3/30/07



--:GO CHILD AND KISS YOUR PA:--

---#---

She lay start naked on the bed,

So round so fair and chubby,

And I beside her ~~too~~, *naked too*.

With each hand held a bubby,

I kissed her lips with merry glee,

And 'neath her chin did chuck her,

And then our legs were intertwined,

And I began to FUCK her,

Pull out she cried dont spend inside,

Or I'll get into trouble,

I did and on her snowy breast the stream did squirt and  
bubble

I gazed into her frightened eyes,

And into laughter burst, and said my Dear thats the

Youngest child, I guess you ever nursed,

She scooped it up with one fair hand

And laughing a soft Ha?Ha?

She threw it in my face and cried

Go child

and kiss

your PA.



## -:TWO BOARDING SCHOOL MAIDENS:-

-.-.-.-.-.##-.-.-.-.-

Two boarding school maidens sweet charming and bright,  
Went to their room to retire for the night,  
And, as young maidens do as they slowly undress,  
Each their most secret feeling did freely express.

Said Nellie the younger a most luscious young Dear,  
I wish at this moment my Johnny was here,  
For he is a darling as sweet as aduck,  
And I'm half dear for the want of a fuck.

She pulled off her chemise, her drawers she let fall,  
And, naked like Venis, stood fairest of all,  
Her pretty little bubbies soft, round, and white,  
Crowned with red nipples so deliscious to sight.

On her plump little belly, like white drifting snow,  
The soft mound of Venis rose down there below,  
And the hair curling round to the right and the left,  
There showed partly open its rich rosy cleft.

Her friend now stood naked, in the same state  
As sweet Nellie her friends name was Kate,  
Said Katy to Nellie I'll play I'm a man,  
And give you a fucking the best that I can.

I,m with you said Nellie but where is your prick,  
Said Kate, a candle will do for the trick,  
I'll put it in gently just the round end,  
And you wont know the difference when you come to spend.



So lay down on the bed and close both your eyes,  
And open them widely your beautiful thighs,  
But first I will blind fold you sweet Kate said  
When Nellies young lover sprang from under the bed.

He had been hid there by Kate and was in good luck,  
And just like Nellie half dead for a fuck,  
His prick stood erect like a drum majors stick,  
And seemed good and resdy to burst in her quick.

Extending his hand, with his soft finger tips  
He tickled her cunt just between its red lips,  
He could stand it no longer not a moment did he wait,  
But entered at once into loves best straight.

Oh? Kate was it a candle I felt,  
It seemed in my cunt to tickel and melt,  
But I believe you have played me a trick,  
She pulled off the blind fold and caught hold of his prick

She did not get angry nor show any pain,  
But made it all right and said fuck me again,  
No he wont said Kate you have had your turn,  
I'll take him myself for my cunt it does burn.

So she pulled Johnny over on top of her belly,  
And he gave her a dose like the one he gave Nellie,  
Poor Johnny got himself into a horrible lather,  
For they kept him there all night fucking one then the other

And when in the morning he had taken his last bout,  
Said he ladies good morning my prick is played out,  
He sprang as he spoke from beneath them in bed,  
And left their cunts gasping all shineing and red.



34

Extracts from-

"J U D G E"

---###---###---

As arranged by the-

"C L E R K"

---###---###---

Ist.Edition.

##---##

---### 1905 ###---



37

How would you like to be a finger ring,  
On some ladies hand,  
So that every time she wiped her ass,  
You could see the promised land.

Said He I would rather be a tumble bug,  
In some secret place,  
So that every time she shit ,  
She would shit right in my face.

10/10/05 D.C.M.



31

When you and I and love do part,  
May it bring grief to both our hearts,  
I to some silent grave shall go, to,  
Sleep in death as others do,  
All this and more I have to say,  
Night has come I cannot stay,  
With good attentions read these lines,  
You will in them a question find  
Sweet is the question mark it well,  
Heart to heart so fair you well.

-----

This brings to mind things past and gone,  
Night and day brings all things on,  
You a question sent to me,  
May this an answer to it be.

10/8/05 D.C.M.



Here is to the girl from Alaska,  
She dont fuck those who ask her.  
She's a high-toned bitch,  
And only fucks the rich,  
Such as Jay Gould, and John Jacob Astor.

Here is to the man from Calcutta,  
Who performed this most wonderfull trick.  
He greasd his ass with vasaline,  
And then inserted his prick.  
He didn't do it for glory,  
He didn't do it for wealth,  
But he done it for the man who told him,  
"To go and fuck himself".



40  
Dear Emma:-

I have a hard,subject to write and lecture  
On and I want,to know if you will give me  
Some of your assistance if you possibly can  
Tonight.



41

A TWELVE POUND BUNCH.

-:0#0:-

When California was first settled, the precious mettel was found in nuggets, These were usually called "lumps" by the miners, and whenever one was found the lucky miners name was soon known, and numbers of less fortunate ones would hasten to his shanty either to congratulate him and get a sight at the nugget, or endeavor to get him to sell a part of his claim, or offer to work it on shares.

A miner, who with his wife had long been working the regions, and not being very successful, was one day presented by his wife, with a bouncing baby, weighing twelve pounds.

Some mischievious fellow started the story that John Marsten had taken out a twelve pound lump. This intelligence which was ciculated about three weeks after the event, caused great excitement, for many believed the story.

Two strangers called at the Marsten home, one day, for the double purpose of seeing the lump and the hopes of effecting a bargain with Marsten. They reached the house but Mrs. Marsten only was at home, when the following dialogue took place.

"We were told that your husband took out a twelve pound lump".

"You were correctly informed", replied she, seeing that that the gentlemen were quite sincere, having been decieved, she did not undecieve them.

"Is he working the claim alone? was the next question.

"Yes, save what help he get from me", she replied, sleightly blushing.

"Ah then the spot is not far from here?"

"It is quite near", was the reply.

"Can we see it?" asked the strangers.eagerly.

"Oh no! I could not think of showing it to you", replied she.

"Then it's a secret place madam?"

"Quite private, I assure you gentlemen".

"How long has he been digging in it?"

"Almost a year".

"Had anyone been digging there before him?"

"No, indeed", replied the lady with a violent blush.

"Do you think he would sell part of his claim?"

"I am sure he would not", was the reply.



"Nor work it on shares?"

"No Sir".

"Has he the lump still in his possession?"

"Yes Sir."

"Can we see it?"

"Certainly you may", said the lady uncovering the baby.

The gentlemen thought it was time for them to move, so without even thanking Mrs. Marsten for the privilege of seeing the "lump" withdrew to regions that appeared more favorable to their interests.

12/25-'06.



43

# IN HONOR OF THE FLAG POLE.

--:--

One night some boys in mischief bent,  
A thought by the Devil was surely sent,  
Next morning on yhe flag pole there was raised  
A sight that made Miss V.V. crazed.  
For fluttering, waving inthe breeze,  
Was the garment that reaches just to the knees.  
And the worst of it was, it was filled with straw,  
And upon it some writing in red she saw.  
Well that she was mad, you'd better believe,  
By the number of small boys the lawyers recieve.  
Every day old Playto comes up, I guess  
And lugs back a boy, to make him confess.  
Now pretty low down in the teacher's mind,  
(To whom the boys acted in manner so kind.)  
Are the youngsters rated,  
But what I'm afraid of is, they'll be "Electro-Plato-ed."

--:--

NOTE:- The above was written by one of the girls ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~  
~~\_\_\_\_\_~~, on an instance which happened in the Batavia, N.Y. high  
school. The "Miss V.V.", reffered to, was a teacher,, that all  
the scholars disliked. One night, some of the boys, "in mischief  
bent", raised upon the flag pöle, "the garment that reaches to the  
knees", and upon each side of the posterior, were written the  
letters, "V.V." in bright red. Chief-of-Police Plato, made  
several arrests, but nothing could be learned or proven, so the  
matter was finally dropped.



44

-:NESTHIDING:-

-.-.-.-.-  
#

I

A certain Divine in Brookiyn dwelt,  
 Who often the limbs of Elizabeth felt,  
 Then washing his hands for fear they smelt  
 Would point the way upward to Heaven.

2

Such loving entreaty shot forth in his face,  
 She yielding at last in his ardent embrace,  
 But not until Henry had knelt and said "Grace"  
 And thanked all the angels in Heaven.

3

In words our Henry was modest and firm,  
 Nesthiding he called it (THEOLOGICAL TERM)  
 And then his root made her MONKEY to squirm,  
 As it pointed directly to Heaven.

4

There diddling was sinfull he very well knew,  
 Except when the Priest had united the two,  
 But Nesthiding for object kept always in view,  
 Would lead us still nearer to Heaven.

5

Its true that he worked like a Profigate,man  
 Till a good gill of seed from his penis had ran,  
 But then you remember his action began,  
 When Grace had been offerd to Heaven.

6

She played to each stroke like a woman of sin,  
 And twisted her ass to get all of it in,  
 But to say she diddled is surely to thin,  
 When Grace had been offered to Heaven.

7

When Henry had finished he lifted his eyes,



45

NESTHIDING( Continued,

-----

7

When Henry had finished he lifted his eyes,  
And prayed with voice sadly broken by sighs  
In thanks for a woman with belly and thighs,  
That made a man feel near to Heaven.

8

But Theodore had a different view,  
And swore in his wrath he would Beecher pursue,  
For trespassing in Elizabeth's flue,  
To point the way upward to Heaven.

9

Our Henry then chose a committee to search,  
Whose answer left Theodore quite in the lurch,  
But they said 'twas the usual way of the church,  
And would lead us all nearer to Heaven.

10

Though slanders have fallen both greivous and thick,  
Our Preacher's great heart does not faint or grow sick,  
But still of old with a mighty stiff PRICK,  
He points the way upward to Heaven.

-----

The above was composed on the slander case of  
Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Elizabeth Tilton, both of  
New York City.

10/8/05 D.C.M.



# F U C U M A L L   H O T E L .

46

--:/00#00/::--

## BILL of FARE, and PRICE LIST.

--:o:-

### BREAKFAST.

~~---o8o---~~

COMMON OLD FASHIONED FUCK,	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$2.20
DIDDLE ON THE EDGE of the BED,	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$3.10
DRY BOB,	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$1.50
FUCKING BETWEEN THE BREASTS, both tits tight,	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$1.00

### DINNER.

-----o-----

FRENCH FASHION, with or without Finger in Ass-hole,	-	\$3.60
BLOWING in ASS-HOLE, New Style,	-	\$4.40
SITTING on PRICK, Shoving in Nuts,	-	\$1.13
DOUBLE FUCK, Man on top, his Nose in her Ass, and his Tongue in her Cunt, his Prick in her Mouth, both swallowing the Juice, (Extra Fine)	-	\$10.00
UNDER FUCK, Woman with extra Lady to play his Stones	-	\$3.23

### SUPPER.

-----o+-----

ONE FUCK, soak all Night,	-	\$2.52
ONE FEMALE SUCK-OFF, Stone all in Mouth,	-	\$1.17
PEEPING at a FUCKING MATCH, with woman to Jerk you off,	-	\$ .15

--:/00#00/::--

First Class Service, Day or Night.

Satisfaction Guaranteed, or Money Refunded.

--:/00#00/::--

Note:- Any incivility will be promptly attended to, if reported  
to the manager,

R. U. CONIT.



-:A GREEN HAND:-

He tried her on the sofa,

He tried her on a chair,

He tried her on the window-sill,

He could not do it there,

He tried it this and that way,

Oh? Goodness how I laughed,

To see the many ways he tried,

To take her Photograph.

10/8/05 D.C.M.



48

-:HE THOUGHT OF IT:-

At a school in Western New York the teacher one day asked the small grammar class to write a small piece of poetry but said she "instead of having the lines rhyme use some other word or sentence that means the same, as for instance, I should say, Jack and Jill, went up the —. Now you would think I was going to say hill but instead of saying hill I would say, A small elevation of land, Now do you think you understand?"

The pupils said they did. Now said she who can be the first to think of something like that, Up went a small boy's hand and the teacher said, "Well Johnny stand up and tell the class "Jumping to his feet, He said.

Sally and Jane rode out to hunt,

The horn of Sal's saddle went up her-----

You'd think I was going to say cunt, wouldn't you?

But it didn't it went up her ass.

IO/22/05  
D.C.M.



# CRAPPING-CAN POEMS.

++00++

"If the employees who are poetically inclined can not refrain from expressing their feelings on the walls of this closet will call at the office they will be furnished with a pencil and pad".

The above notice was posted in the "Crapping-cans" of the Batavia and New York Wood-Working Co's factory at Batavia, N.Y., but even with this "kind offer", the following were some of the inscriptions found written therein:-

Some come here to sit and think,  
But I come here to shit and stink.

-:-

This little town we call our own,  
We wish to keep it neat,  
So please be kind with your behind,  
And dont shit on the seat.

-:-

The man that will stand with his cock in his hand,  
And piss all over the seat,  
Aught to be lashed and smashed, and have both balls smashed  
And his ass kicked into the street.

-:-

Once on a time I had to shit  
And for this place I started.  
And after running a half a mile,  
I only pissed and farted.

-:-

Of all the poets under the skies,  
A shit-house poet I dispise.

-:-



If I were you, and you were me,  
What do you think you'd rather be?  
I' rather be a finger ring and on some ladies hand,  
So every time she wiped her ass, I'd see the promised land.  
I'd rather be a tumble-bug, and stay right in this place,  
So every time she took a shit, she'd shit right in my face.

-:-

If you wish to shit with ease,  
Place your elbows on your knees,  
Get your ass square over the hole,  
And let her flicker, Damn your soul.

-:-

Persons doing business with this Bank, will please leave  
no cash lying on the counter.

-:-



51

--:OLD GINGER BREAD:--

I'am a scotch pedler, I carry my bag,  
I sell pins and needles, and ginger bread brown,  
I went down broadway selling my goods,  
When I chanced to fall in with sweet Maggie Woods,  
She asked me to brown her, I knew it was wrong,  
But I couldnt stop old ginger bread nine inches long.

We went up stairs and went to bed,  
And she asked me to crack her maidenhead,  
And as she sung me the lulaby song,  
In went old ginger bread nine inches long.

When I got through I looked at my aleck,  
And then I went down to see Dr. Shallack,  
O,you poor boy,I'm afraid it was wrong,  
For you'll loose your ginger bread nine inches long.

The next day I went down and he gave me a steer,  
And sit me down in an easy chair,  
One hand grasped a knife, and the other mydold ding dong,  
And off came old ginger bread nine inches long.

Now my old friend take a piece of advise,  
And dont bang any old whore for that aint nice,  
And if you do it will all go wrong,  
And you'll loose old ginger bread nine inches long.

M/2/26/06



52  
-:THE BICYCLE:\_

---.---.---.---.---  
#

The bicycle, the bicycle is all the rage in town,  
The boys and girls are on it,  
And do the thing up Brown,  
The girls in public mount it,  
And try to steer it straight,  
The girls in private straddle it,  
And go it soon or late.

They spread one leg to the left,  
The other to the right,  
And between the two they work the thing,  
And soon its out of sight,  
It is by hand they steer it  
And work it fast or slow,  
And when they strike a bunch it throws them off,  
As you most likely know,

Their legs and back work up and down,  
With motion good and strong,  
With now and then an extra shove,  
To push the thing along,  
The motion is a poem,  
The breath comes thick and fast,  
And the feeling comes over them,  
Is all to good to last.

But the tandem is the latest thing  
For young men and maids,  
They get the same old motion,  
And give each other aid,  
So up and down they pant and push,  
All through the summer weather  
And when the ride comes to an end,  
They both get off together.



#I

## --:THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR:--

-.-.-.-.-.##-.-.-.-.-

We left the parlor early, I think 'twas scarcely nine,  
 And by a happy fortune, her room was next to mine,  
 Resolve like old Columbus, new regions to explore,  
 I took a snug position, by the keyhole in the door.

There stooping down in silence, and resting on my knee,  
 Most patiently I waited, to see what I could see,  
 She first took off her collar, which fell upon the floor,  
 I saw her stoop to get it, through the keyhole in the door.

Fair Jennie then proceeded to doff her pretty dress,  
 And then her under garments some fifty more or less,  
 To speak the truth sincere I think there was a score,  
 But I could not count correctly through the keyhole in the door!

The maiden then disrobing revealed her pretty breast,  
 Two round and snowy hillocks, all crimsoned at the crest,  
 And as she gently stroked them, I softly cried "Encore,"  
 But Oh? She could not hear me through the keyhole in the door.

Then up before the mirror, this lovely creature stood,  
 Revealing her rich beauty, and ferving my blood,  
 My hair rose up like bristles, upon an angry boar,  
 For the sight I witnessed, through the keyhole in the door.

But as she stood there revealing her liberated charms,  
 Me thought like Berearius, had I a hundred arms,  
 But then I could not use them, which I did deplore,  
 For you cant embrace a maiden, through keyhole in the door.



(Continued) THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR

She next unloosed her tresses of wavy golden hair,  
Which fell in shineing torrents down her shoulders fair,  
Then quickly she rebound them, more firmly than before,  
I watched her pretty process through the keyhole in the door.

The fair Diana bathing, bold actions did he see?  
He would of faired much better, if he had been with me,  
I felt great drops of rapture exude from every pore,  
Great Gods? I felt like jumping through the keyhole in the door.

Then down upon the carpet she sat with graceful ease,  
And raised her spotless linen above her snowy knees,  
A dainty sky blue garter on either leg she wore,  
Oh? What a glorious picture through the keyhole in the door.

Then she the fire approaching, her little feet to warm,  
And nothing but a chemise concealrd her lovely form,  
Thinks I, take off that chemise, I'll ask for nothing more,  
Great Heavens I saw her do it through the keyhole in the door.

And with nimble fingers, she donned her snow white gown,  
And on the bed fair Jennie prepaired to lay her down,  
Me thought a bed so ample might hold, at least one morcee,  
But I did not dare to say so through the keyhole in the door.

Ye dreaming men of silence, that strain your eager eyes,  
In gazeing at the planets, that deck the distant skies,  
Nature has greater wonders, than planets, by the score,  
And a telescope is nothing to a keyhole in the door.



✓✓

Marry had a little cat,  
With curly short black hair  
And every place that Marry went,  
That cat was always there.

Now Marry had a gay young beau,  
And like all other beaus.  
He kept a naughty squirt gun,  
Concealed about his cloths.

Oh? Did she scream, or faint,  
Or did she swerm or holler,  
Oh? No she let him blaze away,  
And charged him half a dollar,

IO/7/05  
D.C.M.



-:DIDN'T KNOW SHE DID:-

#

In a certain country school, the boys were in the habit of teasing one certain small boy.

One day the boy in question, came into the school house crying, and of course the teacher asked him what was the trouble. The boy sobbed out that he didn't want to tell but the teacher insisted that he should tell. Finally she took the boy on her lap and said--" Now Johnny I want you to tell me just what the boys have been doing to you." The child looked at her a moment, and then gaining courage sobbed out that "the boys made him fuck a goat."

"Why Johnny",said the teacher,"Why didnt you come to me?"

Boo!Hoo." sobbed the boy." Cause I---I--didn't--know--know---  
You'd fuck\_.

10/9/05 D.C.B.



57

( CIVIL SERVICE BULLETIN )

-----  
#

Several Ladies wrote to Pres. Cleveland asking to be appointed mail carriers.

They received the following reply, That they could not be appointed for the following reasons:-

-----

- 1st- Because they do not carry Bags.
- 2nd- They are liable to miscarriages.
- 3rd- They take from seven to nine months to deliver mail.
- 4th- They do not lock their boxes.
- 5th- They are liable to get mail matter in femail drawers.
- 6th- By handling mail Bags they are liable to cause hard feelings with the officials.
- 7th- He does not want any split in the Democrat Party.

10/7/05

D.C.M.



58

--:FOR SALE--OR TO LET:--

---#---

A beautiful country sight, centrally located near Grand Junction, a little below the milk depot.

The premises are ample in depth, and has a beautiful exposure in front. The property is in good condition, and is well adapted for young men of pushing and enterprising habits, and if properly managed, will greatly increase in a year.

The premises were designed some twenty years ago by an able architect, and are the results of great pains and labor.

They have been constantly improving from the first, and three years ago underwent a thorough overhauling, when the present owner was married.

The vestibule was enlarged by a center column erected ingress and egress was greatly facilitated.

The alterations rendered the interior much more spacious and accessible, and has been a much more frequent resort since.

About six years ago a fine shrubbery was planted in front, and has grown so large that it embowers the entire portion often enticing young men to linger out side and enjoy the anticipation of pleasure before entering.

Among the attractions on the premises is a spring of mineral water, which is said to contain medicinal properties.

The present occupant holds a lease of the premises for nine months, at the expiration of which time, they will be vacant: and the owner is anxious to have some one to occupy it.

Owing to the recent death of her husband she is afraid it will suffer for the want of some good man to keep it in good conditions

The location is pronounced to be a remarkable good one for children.

Persons of good standing will be permitted to examine the place, and those ready to negotiate, must leave a deposit.

For further particulars call at or address

HERR CENTER  
POKE HOLE

10/7/05/  
D.C.M.



(Oh? ELLIS GLENN)

Oh, Ellis Glenn, Oh, Ellis Glenn,  
You gulled the girls and duped the men,  
You gave the people all a shock,  
And fooled them with your rubber cock.

O Ellis Glenn why did you do it?  
I'm satisfied you'll live to rue it,  
For forging notes you need a drubbing,  
But worst of all you need a nubbing.

O Ellis Glenn you should surely know.  
That an artificial prick wont go.  
Besides it is any thing but nice,  
And with the women cut no ice.

And then you made it limber,  
Now such a prick will never do,  
And for your good I'll tell you pard,  
You should of made your pecker hard.

O, Ellis Glenn you are a dandy,  
At making love you are very handy,  
You strung a girl and tried to wreck her,  
With gutta percha balls and pecker,

Suppose the girl whom you deceived,  
Had married you and then conceived,  
What would the off spring be, by Gosh,  
It might of been a mackintosh.

Or maybe you would of been the sire,  
Of an inflated rubber tire,  
I'm told that these gutta percha roots,  
Sometimes beget twin rubber boots.

O, Ellis Glenn, O, Ellis Glenn,  
You fooled the women and the men,  
But to the girls you'd look much neater,  
If you but had a real real peter.

59

This little story was written by an editor in Illinois, The subject was a young girl who committed forgery in one of the eastern states and had flown to Illinois. Here she disguised as a man and played the part to perfection. kept company with the girls, and was engaged to one of them when her career was brought to a sharp close by being arrested for forgery, and then her true identity was discovered by the jailer who happened to come upon her unawares.







TWO A-- HOLES.

61

A girl sat in her bed room one night,  
Undressing herself by the moons pale light,  
Oh, Dear me she said if some nice boy,  
Would sleep with me it would afford me joy.

I would hug him up and do it fine,  
Until the angels played up his spine,  
I can accomidate you dam quick  
Said a boy stepping up with his hand on his prick.

Well come in said the little miss,  
I'll hug you so tight that I'll bet you'll piss  
Dam your hug I want some fuck,  
So hump yourself and take out the tuck.

He jumped in bed and ramed it in,  
And the way they squirmed it was a sin.  
You are my baby Oh, my Oh, my,  
Jab, harder Jab harder I'am about to die.

The boy kept jabbing and jabbing his best,  
The girl kept grunting and doing the rest,  
The old man was in the next room,  
And cried holy moses and grabbed the broom.

He came running in and said Jesus God,  
Look at that ass and rusty cob,  
Banging away at my daughter so fair,  
I'll beat his ass I'll swear,

The broom came down on the boys head,  
And he and the girl tumbled out of bed,  
The boy bolted toward the door,  
And shot his load all over the floor.

The girl was frightened and cried,,Pa, don't hit,  
I feel so good that I'am about to shit,  
The old man grabbed his root in his hand,  
For the old rusty tool was now on the stand.